NEW YORK HOMES OF POLICE JUSTICES.

Inspiring Records of Rapid Transit to the Bench.

MONARCHS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

Collection of Modern Biographies That Discounts Plutarch's Lives.

The fifteen police justices who are to sit in judgthis year on their erring fellow men and women and their judgment serts assigned to them on the last Monday in December. Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, goes down to history as the author of the statement that Congress is not a deliberative but a

nor even judicial institutions, as at present consti-tuted. The whole end and alm of the justices is Speaker Reed's—to despatch business. Nobody expects less infustice than heretofore to be the result in 1891 the labors of these high priced political office holders who are called judges, because, with one or



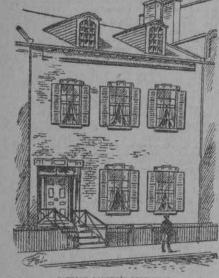
we rare exceptions, they know nothing about law and care little about the facts. But a good many people agree, it seems, with those who, while not defending the system, say the taxpayers and not the o justices are responsible for it.

There are just four police courts below Central Park, where the bulk of the population of Manhattan Island and certainly nine out of ion of the law breakers are domiciled. These four courts, to which nearly a million people are tributary, are the Tomba, Essex Market, the Fifty-seventh Street Court and Jel

Eight civil courts of corresponding jurisdiction are lituated below Central Park. In the one the liberty of the citizen is put in jeopardy; in the other, his property. Twice as much consideration seems to be own to the latter as to the former. WHERE BASTE WRECKS JUSTICE.

is the remedy? More police courts, less ork for those now in existence? Ask even lawyers f the political organization for services to which se justices are appointed, lawyers bound to the ustices themselves by ties of political and personal riendship, and they do not besitate to confess that destantial justice is now denied the people of New York in the police courts for which they pay so

the law or uneducated men, but because human sh and blood cannot resist the temptation rush with indecent haste through the overwhelming ass of business with which they are confronted in a foul smelling, musty, disgenerally inconvenient art rooms where the metropolis of the continent pens are imposent and the metropolis of the continent pens a imposent and the cultiv in degrading continent.



PATRICK DIVVER'S RESIDENCE.

patrice divides periode.

tocture chambers, kept so purposely with the hope of extecting confessions from the dismayed and disgusted prisoners, who, after a night mild such grimy horors, are ready to lown up to anything at all to get away from the fifth and vermin with which New York (police) Justice associates herself.

"Go to the police courts of London, in Bow street and elsewhere. A man has a chance to be heard fairly there, and decent surroundings. There is time and room for preparation and deliberation alike. Personal liberty is far more consoluly hedged about with legal safeguards in England than in America. What are we going to do about it?

"One feasible remedy would be to relieve the dockets of the police justices by giving each Alderman of a city of the first class the legal power, and making it his legal duty to hold court in a station house during certain hours every morning to dispose of the cases of those persons held on the charge of inwing been drunk or disorderly. The effect would be to the more important cases."

"WHY NOT LIL WORK AT ONCE?

The fact that the sight thoughand dollar police justices that the sight house were morning to dispose of the more important cases."

WHY NOT LIL WORK AT ONCE?

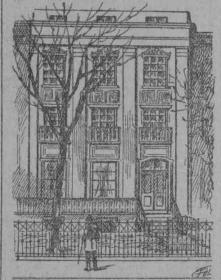
The fact that the sight thoughand dollar police justices of New York could easily get through all their business with propriety and substantial justice if each of them sat on the bench and attended to business eight hours a day for six days a week seems to have excaped the proponents of this new Aldermanic jurisdiction. But the hardships of the present system to the citizen who, for example, if arrested at Castle Garden must be inneched in disgrace through the strongest argument.

It is natural enough for the average citizen via has

streets all the way up to the Tomies, remains their strongest argument.

It is natural enough for the average clinza who has never been arrested and has only vague ideas of what a police court really is to wonder what manner of men are these police justices who are licensed by the law, of which they are often ignorant, to deprive him of his money, his liberty or both. How and where do they live, and what has been their pre-





CLARENCE W. MEADE'S HOUSE.

on the charge of baving fired the shot that killed a working mun in the altercation Croker and ex-Sheriff Jimmy O'Brien were having about ten years ago on Second avenue, Justice Hogan was the magistrate before whom he was taken. Mr. Croker was discharged for lack of evidence against him. He was afterward indicated and rearrested, but the indictance is said to have retired mysteriously into a pigeon hole and to have retired mysteriously into a pigeon hole and to have remained there until the wilmesses were no longer easy of access. As a sequel to this these old timers say Mr. Hogan's appointment to a police justiceship was the first boon conferred by Mr. Croker when he and the new Tammany came into power three years ago. He was not a member of the bar.

and basement brick bouse at No. 232 East Fiftiers street. It is a comfortable house of a somewhat old fastion, with a high stoop and balcony.

Justice Smith wears glasses, is about forty-three years old and about five feet ten and a half inches high. He is siender, dark, and not robust looking, not pulling the scales down for more than 135 pounde. His hair and his mustache are both black. "Sol," as his friends call him, was one of the clerks in the Court of Special Sessions once. He is said to have been studious and to have familiarized himself to a considerable degree with the criminal law as administered. Then he become serveday to the Republican County Committee and afterwards to the State Central Committee under Chester A., afterward President Arthur.

tral Committee under Chester A., afterward President Arthur.
Through Mr. Arthur's influence Mr. Smith, who had also by the way been an Assemblyman and his party's leader in the Twentisth district, was appointed to a police justiceship. Mr. Justice Smith's picture beautifully framed occupies a commanding position on the wall of a bandsomely furnished and gulet house on Lexington avenue.

A FINE JUDGE OF CARROMS.

Justice Patrick Gavan Duffy resides at the Astor House. As he is rather a small man he curant occupy a great deal of the building, and his friends say that if there is one corner that more than another can claim his attention it is a certain chair in the bil-



JOHN COCHEANE'S HANDSOME LESSIENCE.





liquor saloon on Park row and prospered. He had hosts of Irlemis, and if you wanted a ticket to a scrap or a tip on a dog fight you were almost sire to get them at Paddy's.

GRADUATE FEOM THE SALOON.

His saloon was an orderly pince withal, although it was said he threw away both keys to it. Mr. Divoce came over from the Ould Bart in 1853 at the age of five years and was apprenticed to a morocco dresser in the Swamp. Then he worked in the motocco factory of Christopher Nugent & Co. in Newark. The seloon extending from Fark row to New Chambers street was a scene of intense excitement when piver ran for Alderman against Thomas P., alias Fanty, Walsh, who, by the way, enthusiastically incoses the appointment of his late rival to be a justice. Mr. Divver's excursions, from which his constituents return invariably with black eyes and broken crowns, had greatly endessed him to the people of his ward, the voting people at least, and he was triumphantly elected. Mr. Divver says he is now out of the saloon and in the baberdashery lusiness. His friends in Tammany Hall say he is a considerate, courteous gentleman of a dispassionate and judicial turn of tailed. Mr. Divver was never a lawyer.

Of JUDICIAL WEIGHT.

Justice Clarence W. Meade lives in one of the old fashioned houses with front yards antached that have so long been a festure of West Twenty-third street, west of Ninth avenue. The mumber is 461. Mr. Meade has a large shade tree in his front yard and a plentitude of balconina for summers use.

An interesting little circumstance in the political career of Mr. Clarence W. Meade—also one of Mayor Grant's comparatively recent appointments—is the fact that though he was notoriously appointed Port Warden through the influence of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, Mr. Meade afterward, to the deep disgust of thousands of Mr. Platt's grateful friends, "went back on" the gentieman from Owego, as the caying goes in politics, and actually allied himself with his



DANIEL O'EMILLY'S OLD PACHIONED HOUSE.

own brother-to-law, "Freedile" (Hibbs, once known as "the wickedeat man in New York," Mr. Meade's record as Port Warden is said to have been entirely satisfactory to Mr. Platt.

Justice Meade, it should be observed, is by far the fattest of all the police hadices. He is a good man who weighs about 3.25 pounds. He is not more than five feet eleven inches high, however; is a blond, and wears short, blond whishers clipped close about his chin.

chin.

Mr. Flatt's friends say rather bitterly of Justice Meade that he was always "supposed to be" a republican notil he got in with the county democratic deals through his wicked brother-in-law Gibbs, and was appointed by Mayor Grant in pursuance of a "dost" unde at Albany. Mr. Meade was not a law-

"desi" made at Albany. Mr. Mende was not a lawyer.

FROM THE OLD NINETEENTH.

Justice Daniel McMahon has a neat three-story and
basement brick home at No. 358 West Fifty-fifth
street. It is plain but substantial. Mr. McMahon
lives in a very quiet neighborbood away from the
noises of the busy avenues.

Justice McMahon was known as "Dan" when he
was "farmany "leader" in the Nineteenth Assembly
district, where he succeeded the present Mayor in the
leadership. Mr. McMahon is a short, stoul, rather
good looking mun about tairty-cight years of age. He
began his official career as clerk in the Civil Districe Court units Justice Murray, and is there said to
have shown himself beight and quick as well as posgessed of something of a thirst for legal loce. He
has a dark complexion and wears a missache. He
was clerk for a time in Judge Dessar's District Court.
He was never a lawyer.

Justice Heary Autray is dountelled at No. 21 East
Seventy-third street, within a stone's throw of the
Central Uark wall. Mr. Murray's house is a narrow
but elegant structure of known stone. It is four
stories high, with a besement that is nearly on a
level with the street.

Justice Murray was born in Ireland, and came to



inches in height, weighs about 175 pounds, and wears a dark mustache mixed with gray. Justice Murray was on the police force as a patrolman in the Twenty-second precinct about twenty-three years ago. He resigned and went with his brother, H. H. Murray, into the business of contracting to sell coke for the Manhattan Gas Works at Forty-second street and Eleventh avenue.

Mr. Murray is said to be a good business man, a kind hushand and father and demestic in his testes. He has a large family, Mr. Murray is sometimes described as a "Dave" Hill democrat. He is said to have seceded from the County Democracy on account of Power and Ivins. He was never a lawyer.

Justice James T. Kilbreth occupies a four-story and basement brick house at No. 230 East Eighteenth street not far from Third areaus. The house is quite severe and plain in architecture but very roomy and comfortable.

An odd and interesting eigenmance connected with

street not far from Third avenue. The house is quite severe and plain in architecture but very fromy and comfortable.

An odd and interesting circum-tance consected with the incumbency of Justice James T. Kilbreth, who came here from Ohio a good many years ago, is the fact that he was a lawyer. He is said to be able and honest and to have made a good justice. He was appointed by Mayor Haveneyer, at the instigation, it is said, of ex-Alderman Billings, and was reappointed in 1883 by Mayor Edson. Justice Kilbreth belongs to the New Amsterdam Club. He is a dark man, about forly-eight years of age, and weighs about 155 pounds. He, like nearly every one of the justices, wears a mustache only. As has been said, he is a lawyer.

Justice Charles Welde lives in 124th street near Fourth avenue. The number is 77 East. He is so close to his associate Andrew J. White that they can signal to each other from their back windows. Mr. Welde's house is a very contate brown stone edifice with bay window projections at the basenment and two stories above. The third story is plniner, and it has four narrow windows instead of the bay. The most striking thing about Justice Welde abouse is the odd shaped doceway and the artistic metal raillings. The house is of the narrow variety so often seen in these days of high priced lots.

Justice Welde was born in Stuttgart and camed his living as a carpenter and builder when he first came over to New York. He is a boilder now, as well as a police justice, and has always been active in politics as a Tammany man. He ram for Alderman in the Twenty-third district in 1873 against Hugh More. He was nominated for Excles Commissioner by Mayot Edson in 1883 but not confirmed, and in 1884 was appointed police justice by Mr. Edson. Mr. Welde is about fifty years old, wears a brownish mustache and weighs about 180 pounds. His personal reputation is stid to be good. He was not a lawyer.

Justice Daniel O'Reilly lives at No. 64 Marion street. This is a short street with be addenied by the contraction of the



EDWARD HOGAN'S BRICK RESIDENCE.

Thompson wing of the city—now the County—Democracy, and was made Water Register under Alem Campbell. Hubert O. Thompson was a cierk when O'Reilly was there, Afterward when Thompson became Commissioner of Public Works O'Reilly was made. Justice John Cochrane occupies a fine four story and basement house of brown signe. It is situated at No. 7 East Sixy-second street. While not as imposing as the residence of Mr. J. Henry Ford, it is, novertheless, a very fine and costly building.

Justice Cochrane, the oldest of the Folice Justices, was a lavyer and a wealthy man when appointed, having retired from practice some time before. He must be seventy years of age now, and his erect figure, white goatee and mustache give him quite a military look. He is said to have been a good solider and a fine orator in his day. He has been identified with Tammany Hall except during the war when, it is declared, he was a republican. He is now spoken of for what he was rather than what he is, although he is chairman of the Tammany General Committee.

FEGAR HAR TO EENCH.

Justice Andrew J. White occupies a plain but handsome brown stome house at No. 1,1287 Madison avenue, just above Mount Morris Park, Harlem. Mr. White's house is three stocies high, in addition to which there is a lofty basement. This residence sports a borse block made to match the house. Justice White is the only Folice Justice who can lay claim to the possession of a horse block.

Justice White, also of Irish extraction, is about forty-eight years of age, a big, florid looking man, with redulish whishers. He began life in New York as a bartender in Chatham square and afterward went into the business of manufacturing fertilizers with his father-in-inw, Francis B. Swiff, of Brooklyn, Justice White grew rich and independent, and when the revoit against John Kelly leit to the founders. He is said to be a good fugle of human nature and whee. Since White charles W. Taintor lives in the handsome ber of the Committee on Organization. He was



JAMES T. RILBRETH'S TALL BESIDENCE.

Osciorne flats No. 205 West Fifty-seventh street. As Mr. Taintor shares this building with so many others, we show only the doorway which be mas had the good taske to select for his daily egress and largess.

Judge Taintor was a business mun. The firm of Taintor Brothers are book publishers opposite the Mergantile Library. He is a republican, a straight-forward, practical man, and is sain to owe his appointment to Mr. Thomas C. Platt. Mr. Taintor, who was once a Commissioner of Emigration, has an excellent reputation. He was never a lawyer.

Justice John J. Ryan occupies the modest brick dwelling No. 69 East Broadway. It is one of the meatest houses in this section of the oity. Like the other new Justice Mr. Ryan has his name on the door in good, plain letters.

Justice Ryan, one of Mayor Grant's last appointments, was born not in Ireland but in New York city thirty-saven years ago. He is hearily six feet high, wears a full beard and mustache and looks like an energetic business man, which he is. His business is undertaking. Mr. Ryan is a Seventh warder, a son-in-law of Colonel Collegan of the Court of General Sessions, and irespect so the progress at that time. Mr. Ryan is inspector of rifle practice in the Sixty-ninth regiment, and was norther a Tammany man nor a buyer when appointed. As he did not wear a mustache only, and was norther a Tammany man nor a buyer when appointed. As he did not wear a mustache only, and was norther a Tammany man nor a buyer when appointed. As he did not wear a mustache only, and was norther a Tammany man nor a buyer when appointed. As he did not wear a mustache only, and was norther a Tammany man nor a buyer when appointed. As he did not wear a mustache only, and was norther a Tammany man nor a buyer when appointed.

NO HELP FOR IT.

'Don't you sneeze at me."

OLD JOHN THOMPSON'S STORIES OF WALL STREET

Reminiscences That Were Dictated by the Veteran Publisher of the Bank Note Raporter Before He Was Stricken.

HUMORS OF THE WILDCAT DAYS.

Early Days of the National Banks Described by the Founder of the First of Such Institutions

Mr. John Thompson, the publisher of the Bank Note Reporter, and for so long a character and an authority in Wall street, last summer dictated his reminiscences to be used in the book "Sixty Years in Wall Street, by John Thompson," that is to be issued after his death. He now lies extremely ill.

Following are stories of men and affairs selected from the reminiscences and given just as Mr. Thompson told them :-

just as Mr. Thompson told them:

THE PANIC OF 1837.

I distinctly remember that panic—naving been already five years a Wall street broker. I was just about then starting my Bunk Note and Commercial Reporter. The impression left permanently on my mind was that the chief cause of the panic was General Jackson's "specie circular," which commanded that all public lands should be thenceforth paid for in specie. There had been such enormous speculation in public lands—the operators buying them at \$1.25 an acre and selling them often at twenty times that amount in State bank notes—that President Jackson determined to check it at least by making nothing but specie receivable by the government for public lands. Specie was so scarce that this knocked the bottom out of all business. Of course the removal of the government deposits from Nicholas Biddle's United States Bank in 1833 was a still more important and far-reaching cause of that financial depression, but the "specie circular" began the awful breakdown of 1837.

The first United States Bank (like others, a private cornoration) insted from 1791 to 1811. The second United States Bank was established in 1816 and ran to 1836. Nicholas Biddle's Linded States Bank was established in 1816 and ran to 1836. Nicholas Biddle, its able president, then managed to have it continued under the same hame as a Pennsylvania bank, but it never again prospered, and he left it long before its complete collapse in 1841.

Mr. Thompson gave this account of his acquaintance with the working of this bank in its later

Mr. Thompson gave this account of his acquaintance with the working of this bank in its later

years—say 1838 and 1839;—

The business of Biddle's bank, which was still trying to rule our finances, was largely in cornering cotton, forwarding it to Liverpool and then hoding it off the market for an advanced price. Its necessities at length compelled it to borrow whenever it could; and it used its "post notes," bearing an extravagant rate of interest—often ten per cont—payable thirty, sixty and ninety days after date. And sometimes, I think, it used six months' notes—thus monopolizing the money that should have gone into legitimate business operations. Ordinary borrowers could not obtain accommodations with this monopolizing bank in competition.

This was the first instance of a great monopoly of which I had any personal knowledge.

accommodations with this monopolizing bank in competition.

This was the first instance of a great monopoly of which I bad any personal knowledge.

WALL SIRERT MAGNATIS IN THE THIRTIES.

Jacob Little, of Wall sireet, was at that time the most prominent handler of currency and was the head authority in giving prices on those Pennsylvania bank notes.

The old citizens remember what a great man he was thought to be before his failure, and how his wife received visitors seated upon a throne. Jacob was a very bold operator. The principal stock dealt in then was that of the Harlem Hailroad. Its fluctuations under the manipulations of Biddle and others afforded ample opportunities for making and losing fortunes. Littles "pile," at its highest \$2,000,000, was thought to be immense, and his downfall shock the city.

The strongest houses of Wall street at that time were John Ward & Co.; Prime, Ward & King, Corning & Co. and Dykers & Alstine. Cornelius Vandorbill was then running a shoop between Staten Island and New York city. John Jacob Astor was the richest man in the city and Stephen Whitney next.

WISS & LIBEL SUIT ASAINST MOSES Y. PEACH.

making and houng formula. Inthis "milk." at the through one in house, the history of the trempet house of Wall stread at that time the trempet house of Wall stread at that time to go to have been been been and defined bit was man braining a sloop between States the part of the wall in the city and Stephen Whiter and the first in the city and Stephen Whiter and the first in the city and Stephen Whiter and the first in the city and Stephen Whiter and the first in the city and Stephen Whiter and the first in the city and Stephen Whiter and the first in the city and stephen whiter and the search of the wild and the wild and the search of the wild and the wild and the search of the wild and the wild and the search of the wild and the wild and the wild and the search of the wild and t

Jury, to my astonishment, gave the case to the bank.

We appealed to a higher court. The jury verdict was superseded and a new trial ordered.

The case was tried by Thomas J. Oakley, then considered the soundest legal mind in the country. In charging the jury be judge said, with emphasis:—"Gentlemen, this is a very clear case. The banks promise to pay their currency notes on demand. The Union Bank was delinquent in claiming that this specie was payable at the bank's convecience—at any time before three o'clock. The bank must be held to its promises."

The jury without leaving their seats gave me the case, the bank to pay the face of the note and interest from the day of presentation and legal costs. This was an important decision, as it upset the theory that a bank note could be met like commercial paper "any time within bank hours." The promise to pay on demand must be met on demand, without any more than a reasonable waiting at the counter.

BECOLLECTIONS OF DAVID LEAVITY.

David Leavitt, president of the American Exchange

Bank, was about the most prominent man in Wall street when the war broke out in 1851. I remember him well, as I had much to do with him. He was a remarkable man and a striking figure on the street, with his white cravat, and his long white hair behind his cars. His naturally austere appearance was enhanced by his habit of taking sauff-then quite fashionable. His nostrils had a scenful turn up, and the enufi taking increased this tendency. He was quite imperious and knew it. I once described him in my Reporter, and made use of the word "suavity" in the description. He waid it was all right except that word, as that characteristic did not pertain to him.

When the news of the fail of Sunter came there was great excitement in Wall street. As he was locked to as a leader a crowd gettered in front of the American Exchange Bank. He went out on the steps of the bank and made a reassuring speech to the people—as to the stability of the bank immediately suspended specie payments with the rest. He was a great boss in Brooklyn, owned the ferry and the Brooklyn white Lead Works, and built the big house where Bowen, of the Independent, now lives. The white lead reminds me that he was up to sharp tricks. There was a heavy tariff on lead whole shiploads of lend busts cast and brought them here free as works of art. He sent moulds of the busts of Washington and Franklin abroad and had whole shiploads of lend busts cast and brought them here free as works of art, We used to call them "Leavitt's mummios." This bright achievement has been wrongly attributed to William E. Doige, who had enough other dodges to account for.

them thore free as works of art, We used to call them "Leavitt's unumnics." This bright achievement has been wrongly aitributed to William E. Dodge, who had enough other dodges to account for.

My First National Bank of New York was the first bank started under that system in this city, and my application for a charter was the first in the country. I had up hill work at the start, the old State banks refusing to let the new institution into the Clearing House. But they were soon glad to, and this was how it occurred:—Mr. Chase had given our bank plenty of bonds to sell. It was the ten-forties that we then handled. Consequently the other banks wow often in debt to us, and had to settle with currency instead of through the Clearing House.

This came hard on some of the weaker banks. Time and again they had to acknowledge their inability to pay currency, and asked. Why don't you settle through the Clearing House.

The dealing House.

Atter this had gone on awhile the president or one of these banks myself and say.—"If you have no currency, let me see what checks on other banks on the strengy collected directiv from them.

Atter this had gone on awhile the president or one of the strong banks and had the currency collected are the strengy collected directiv from them.

Atter this had gone on awhile the president or one of the large banks came to me, complaining of the drain on his currency. I will take it out of the mind of the strong banks and had the currency collected directive from them.

Atter this had gone on awhile the president or one of the strong banks and had the currency of the darks on the strong house had been done to the had been done to the house and it will see that you guild nather the strength of the large banks of the house had been done to the house had been done to the house had been done to the house had been done t